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Poetry.

Mr. Mason:—Will you be so kind as
lay this before the good people of New-
port. We would recommend it to all of
us, and that they should remember it.

Truly yours,
From Harper's Magazine.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose,
To wait upon a lady—
If the lady don't refuse?
To speak a little plainer
That the gentleman all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman doth call?
Or when he leaves the lady
Or if he leaves at all?
To save from further trouble
The outside looks on?

Is it anybody's business
But the lady's if he be
To wait upon her ladies,
And don't let her know?
Is it anybody's business
Should the gentleman's if she
Should accept another escort
Where he doesn't choose to be?

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Selected Tale.

From the N. Y. Dutchman.
A VISIT TO THE UGLY MAN.

BY SIMON SUGGS.

As we stepped over the low fence, I
heard the hum of a spinning-wheel, and
another moment, one of the sweetest, rosiest
faces I ever beheld looked out of the door.

It was Lucy Wallis, the pretty daughter of
the Ugly Man! Solacing us modestly she
asked us in—and to be seated—and re-
sumed her work. There are few more
lovely girls than Lucy. In her moist blue
eye, was a blended expression of mildness
and something more tender, that went
into your heart without ever asking leave.

Clad in a home-spun frock, coarse but
tasteful in its colors and adjustment—and
oh! how brilliantly spotted—her fingers
tipped with the blue of the indigo tub—
her little feet in buck skin moccasins, she
plied her task industriously; with an arch
toss, shaking into place her rich auburn
hair, and now, with a bound forward,
gracefully catching the thread that had
slipped from her fingers. Sweet voiced,
too, was Lucy Wallis, as she stood at her
wheel, spinning two threads, one of cotton
on her spindle and the other of gossip, with
my excellent and loquacious friend Dick
McCoey.

Plague take the girl! She has made
me forget her ugly father! Mr. Wallis
and his woman were from home when we
got there—having been on a visit to a sick
neighbor—but in half an hour they re-
turned.

"Thar they come!" said Dick, as he
heard voices outside the cabin; "seat
yourself and don't be scared!" Then
looking at Lucy.

"You've never seen daddy, squire, have
you?" she asked, slightly coloring and
pointing.

"Never have—always had a curiosity;"
but the wounded expression of the girl
stopped me, and in another moment the
Ugly Man was before me.

Truly had McCoey said, 'nothing on the
face generally had the appearance of a re-
cently healed blister spot, his prominent
eyes seemed ready to drop from off his face,
and were almost guiltless of lids. Red, red,
red was the almost prevailing color of his
countenance—even his eyes partook of it.

His mouth—ruby red, looked as if it had
been lately kicked by a rough-shod mule,
after having been originally made by goug-
ing a hole in his face with a nail grab!—
The tint ensemble was horribly, unspoke-
ably ugly!

"So you've come to see the Ugly Man,
have you, squire? I've heard of you be-
fore. You're the man as took the senners
of this county, last, I was in Georgey
than. Well, you're mighty welcome—"
Old 'oman, fly round, get somethin' for the
'squire and Dick to eat. Lucy, ain't you
got no fresh agges?"

Lucy went out at his suggestion, and her
father went on: "They all call me ugly,
'squire; and I am. My father before me
was the ugliest man that ever lived in Han-
cock county. But I'll give you my experi-
ence after supper. I spose you've heard
that I've been through the ruffs. No?—
Well, when we get somethin' to eat I'll tell
you more about it; old 'oman, for heaven's
sake do fly around thar!"

The old lady did "fly around," and Lucy
got the agges, and between them they got
an excellent supper.

The purity of the table cloth, the excel-
lence of the coffee, the freshness of the
eggs, not to mention Lucy's good looks,
were more than a set-off against the ugliness
of Billy; so that Dick and I continued
to eat quite heartily, to the evident
gratification of our hospitable though ugly
entertainer.

Supper over, old Bill drew out his large
soapstone pipe, and filling and lighting it,
he placed it in his mouth. After a whiff
or two he began:

"It's no use argyfyng the matter—I am
the ugliest man on the top of dirt. Thar's
nary nary like me! I'm a crowd by my
self. I allers was. The fuss I knowed o'
it, though, was when I was ten years old—
I went down to the spring branch one
mornin', to wash my face, and as I looked
in the water, I seen the shadow of my
face! Thar's the last time I've seen my
countenance—I didn't but shet my eye
when I go about water."

"Don't you use a glass when you shave?"
I inquired. "Glass! What glass could
stand it—would brist if it was an inch
thick. Glass!—pish!"

Lucy told her father he was 'too bad,
and that he knew it was no such thing,"
and the old man told her she was a
'saucy wench," and to hold her tongue.

"Yes," he continued, "it's so; I haven't
seen my face in forty years, but I know
how it looks. Well, when I growed up I thort
it would be hard to find a woman that'd be
willing to take me, ugly as I was!"

"Oh, you was not uncommon hard fa-
vored when you was a young man," said
the old Mrs. Wallis.

"Ooncommon! I tell you when I was ten
years old, a fly wouldn't light on my face
and it can't be much wuss now! Shet up
and let me tell the squire my experience."

"It's no use," put in Lucy, to be run-
nin' one's own self down that way, daddy!
It ain't right."

"Runnin' down! Thunde; and light-
nin', Lucy, you'll have me as good lookin'
as John Bozeman, your sweetheart." As
he said this, old Bill looked at me, and
succeeded in covering the ball of his left
eye, by way of a wink. Lucy said no more.

The old man continued:
"Well, hard as I thort it'd be to get a
wife, fast thing I knowed, I had Sally, here,
and she is, or was, as pretty as any of
them."

Old Mrs. Wallis knitted convulsively,
and coughed slightly.

"However, she never kissed me afore
we was married, and it was a long time af-
ter afore she did. The way of it was: we
had an old one-horned cow, mighty ornery
(ordinary) looking, old as the north star,
and poor as a black snake. One day I
went out to the lot!"

"Daddy, I wouldn't tell that," said Lu-
cy, in a persuasive tone.

"Blamed if I don't though—it's the
truth, and if you don't keep still, I'll send
for Bozeman, to hold you quiet in the cor-
ner."

Lucy pouted a little, and was silent.

"Yes, I went out to the lot, and thar,
sure as life, was my old woman swang to
the cow, and the old thing flyin' round, and
cutting up all sorts of shins! Ses I,

"What the duce are you up to old 'oman?"
And then with that she let go, and told me
she was trying to practice kissin on old
Cherry, and see if that, arter that, she
could make up her mind to kiss me!"

"Old man, you made that! I've heard
you tell it afore—but you made it," said
the old lady.

"Well, well! I told her, squire, ses I,
come down to it now! she bussed me so
you might a heard it quarter of a mile, and
sence that, nobody's had better kissin' than
me! Now, that was my first experience
about bein' ugly, arter I was grown, and it

"The next time my ugly feelers came
into play, was in Mobile; was you ever
thar? Greatest place on green yearth:
steamboats, oysters, free niggers, furniters,
brick houses—that's the place! I went
down on a flat boat from Wetumpky, with
old John Todd. We had a fast rate time
of it till we got most to Mobile, and the
steamboats would run so close to us, that
the sloshin' would pretty nigh capsize us.
They done it for devilmenty. How old
John cursed! but it done no good. At last,
ses I, I'll try 'em; if thars enny
strength in cussing, I'll make 'em ashamed!"

So the next one came along, cavoring and
snorting like it was gwine right into us
and did pass in twenty foot. I ris up on a
cotton bag, and sies to the crowd—and thers
was a most almighty one on the guard of
the boat—ses I, you infernal racket-making
snorting sons of—

"Afore I could get any further in my
cussin, the crowd gin the most tremendous
yearth-shakin' howl that ever was heard—
and one feller, as they were broadside of
us, hollered out, 'It's the old ugly man him-
self! Jeeminy! what a mouth!' With
that thers was somethin' rained and rattled
on our boat like hail, only heavier; and
directly me and old John picked up a level
peck of buck-horn handled knives."

Old Mrs. Wallis looked to Heaven, as
if appealing there for the forgiveness of
some great sin here ugly consort had com-
mitted, but said nothing.

"So I lost nothin' by bein' ugly that
time. Arter I got into Mobile, however,
I was bothered and pestered by the people
stoppin' in the street to looked at me—all
dirty and lightwood smoked as I was from
being on the boat."

"I think I'd cleaned up a little," in-
terposed tidy Lucy.

"Old 'oman! ain't you got narry cold
tater to chock that gal with? Well,
they'd look at me the hardest you ever seen.
But I got ahead of my story. A few days
afore, thar had been a boat busted, and a
heap of people scalded and killed one way
and another. So at last I went into a
grocery, and a squad of people followed me
in, and one fellow, ses he, it's one of the
unfortunate sufferers by the bustin' of the
Franklin; and upon that he axed me to
drink with him, and as I had my tumbler
half way to my mouth, he stopped me of a
sudden—

"Beg your pardon, stranger—but," ses
he.

"But—what?" ses I.

"Just fix your mouth that way again!"
ses he.

"I done it, just like I was gwine to drink,
and I thought the whole of 'em would go
into fits!—they yelled and whooped like a
gang of wolves."

Finally, one of 'em ses, don't make fun
of the unfortunate; he's hardly got over
bein' blowed up yet. Let us make up a
puss for him! Then they all thowed in
and made up five dollars. As the spoke-
man handed me the change, he axed me,

"What did you find yourself after the 'spo-
sion?"

"In a flat boat," ses I.

"How far from the Franklin?" ses he.

"Why," ses I, "I never seen her; but
as nigh as I can guess, it must have been,
from what they tell me, nigh on to three
hundred and seventy-five miles!" You
oughter seen that gang scatter. As they
left, says one, "It's him—It's the Ugly
Man of All!"

THE GOVERNOR AND BOYS.

"The severest punishment I ever re-
ceived." This, Mr. Editor, was the clos-
ing remark of a venerable and respected
friend, when giving me an account, a few
days ago, of one of his boyish pranks in
old Boston. I wish I could tell the story
as he tells it; but it is so good, and, in my
opinion, teaches so admirable a lesson to
us all, that I venture to hope it may find a
place in your pages, even in the shape in
which I shall attempt it.

My old friend, raised in Boston, brought
up and nurtured within the shadow of Old
South, was in his younger days, like most
other boys, considerably addicted to the
consumption of ripe fruit, and not very
keenly perceptive of the laws of *meum* and
quem in obtaining it. I will not stop to
inquire whether this weakness be in-
herited direct from our first parents; it is
sufficient that my friend was completely un-
der its influence, that even the fine fruit of
Mr. Bowdoin's garden was no exception to
those *agrarian* notions which the boys
of the town applied to all the fruit on the
peninsula.

Mr. Bowdoin's garden then occupied an
area which is now covered with brick,
mortar and paving stones. It was defend-
ed by a wall, the altitude of which was
considered by the whole school as one of
their prime grievances. A portion of this
wall, however, had become somewhat ruin-
ous, a breach was reported practicable,
and half a dozen chosen boys were select-
ed for the attack. My old friend was one
of the number, the appointed time was be-
tween one and two P. M., when it was con-
jectured that Mr. B. and his family would
be in the garden, and the boys, with their
stomachs, pockets, trousers and even shirt
bosoms, are quickly filled with the forbid-
den fruit. A triumphant retreat is already
anticipated, but as the little band draws
near to the breach—horror of horrors!—
it is discovered to be in possession of a stur-
dy servantman of Mr. B., supported by a
huge bamboo, and retreat by any other
pass is out of the question. Stomachs,
probably, remained in *status quo*, but all
other engines of transport are quickly re-
lieved of their burdens—the invaders draw
nearer to the breach, intending to make a
rush; but are informed by the sturdy guard,
that "Mr. Bowdoin is in the parlor, and
wishes to see the young gentlemen."

Flight is in vain, and, with palpitating
hearts, our heroes march, in single file, to-
wards the house, the servantman and the
bamboo covering the rear. The posse was
met at the hall-door by the good Mr.
Bowdoin, who made them a most courteous
and friendly bow, welcomed them to his
house, and invited them to walk in and sit
down. They were ushered into the parlor,
where two or three young ladies were em-
ployed at needle-work, presented with
much form, and treated with abundance of
bewitching smiles. An inner door was
now opened, and Mr. Bowdoin conducted
them into the drawing-room, where two
elderly ladies were sitting. Here a still
more ceremonious introduction took place.
The ladies were all kindness—the lads
were requested to be seated—a bell was
rung—a servant appeared—cake, wine and
fruit were ordered by Mr. B. On the re-
turn of the servant, Mr. B. rose, filled the
wine glasses, and handed them round, most
kindly pressing the youngsters, and insist-
ing on their partaking of the good things
—entertaining his reluctant guests all the
while with declarations of his great plea-
sure at the honor done him by their visit
—inquiring their views as to the war then
raging in Europe—what they thought of
the growing power of Bonaparte—what
part they supposed the Archduke Charles
would take in the political ferment of the
day, etc., etc.

This amusing scene lasted nearly an
hour, the ladies and the good Mr. B. ap-
pearing to vie with each other in attentions
to the now conscience-stricken marauders.
At length Mr. B. pulled out his watch and
said: "My good young friends, I regret
that I have an appointment. I should
have been happy to prolong this visit. I
hope to have the pleasure of seeing you
again. Meantime, my boys, at any time
when you will favor me with a call, the
garden and orchard are entirely at your
service, and any man James has orders
to help you to any fruit you may desire."

With these words the boys were dismissed,
with many bows and shakes of the hand.
"Oh," said my good old friend, "twas
the severest punishment I ever got, and I
never robbed an orchard since!"

Boston Transcript.

THE VOICES.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

"Why urge the long, unequal fight,
Since truth has fallen in the street,
Or lift anew the trampled light?
Quenched by the hellish million's feet?"

"Give o'er the thankless task; forsake
The fools who know not ill from good;
Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take
Thine ease among the multitude."

"Live out thyself, with others share
Thy hope: life no more; assume
The unconcern of sun and air,
For life or death, or blight or bloom,"

"The mountain pine looks calmly on
The fires that scourge the plains below,
Nor heeds the eagle in the sun
The small birds piping in the snow!"

"The world is God's! no thine; let Him
Work out a change, if change must be;
The hand that planted best can trim
And nurse the old unfruitful tree."

So spake the Tempter, when the light
Of sun and stars had left the sky.
I listened, through the cloud and night,
And heard, methought, a voice reply:

"Thy task will seem over-hard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil.
Thy life as seed, with no reward
Save that which Duty gives to Toil."

"Not wholly is thy heart resigned
To Heaven's benign and just decree,
That, linking thee with all thy kind,
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee."

"Break off that sacred chain, and turn
Back on thyself thy love and care;
Be thou thine own man, idol, burn,
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy children, there."

"Released from that fraternal law
Which shares the common bale and bliss;
No sadder lot could folly draw
Or Sin, provoked from Fate, than this."

"The soul unshaken is not unblest;
Thou hast it in vain what love should spend;
Self-see is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end."

"A toll that grows with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And bears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest song of inward peace."

"Freely yielded the liberal staircase run,
Free shines for all the heavenly ray;
The still pool stagnates in the sun,
The lurid earth fire haunts decay!"

"What is that the crowd require
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?
And how to faith, and not to sight,
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?"

"Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In time or in another day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay."

"Faith shares the future's promise. Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun."

"Thou shalt not lack the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun."

"Thy nature, which, through fire and flood,
To place or gain finds out its way,
Hath power to seek the highest good,
And duty's holiest call obey!"

"What thought in darkness and in doubt,
And haunted by a sense of sin,
Thou strivest with the foe without,
And many a traitor thought within!"

"As when upon some weak of storm
The South-east, more calm and fair,
And, from the breaking shadow, form
The curtains of its tent of prayer."

"So, haply, when thy task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all thy week-day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of the light!"

LADY PRINTERS.

Our exchanges are filled with accounts
of the practical workings of girls in printing
offices. One paper is bragging of the many
ems set by a new hand in a day, and another
of the delightful influence the presence of
girls produces in the office. Where six
months ago was rum and beer drinking,
attended with any quantity of oaths, is now
stiffness and regularity. A western paper
says: "Our readers will be surprised,
after noticing the beautiful appearance of
our paper to-day, to learn that it was
'made up' by a woman, all the types set
and the arranging of the articles was
accomplished by a widow lady in our
employ as a printer."

The appearance of the sheet was cer-
tainly very creditable, and we have almost
a mind to try what girls can do on the Pic-
ayune. We will have none but good-look-
ing ones, and those of pure moral charac-
ter. The following rules will be adopted,
which will be strictly enforced under all
circumstances, and if the young ladies who
wish to be instructed in the art and mys-
tery of the printing business think they can
observe them strictly, they may apply at
the office to the number of twelve.

RULES FOR LADY PRINTERS.

1. Must be at the office from seven A.
M. to six P. M.

2. No reading of motto papers and love
stories, nor eating confectionaries during
working hours.

3. No "hand" shall be allowed to have
her bean in the office to see her set type,
at any time.

4. No matter how gifted a "hand" may
be at making pies at home, if she makes pi
in the office she shall be compelled to as-
sort it.

5. No hand shall sit in the sanctum long-
er than to procure copy, unless requested
by the editor.

6. The editor will use his prerogative
to kiss or scold all hands, as occasion may
require.

7. Ladies who bring their dinner shall
not make a dining saloon of the sanctum,
nor use proof paper for a table cloth.

8. Any lady hand about to emigrate to
the state of matrimony, shall at least give
one month's notice, that her place may be
supplied by another.

9. No married women will be allowed
to work in this office, provided it is known.

10. No lady shall be allowed to laugh
at the motion of another while engaged at
the case.

No gossiping, quarrelling, pulling of
hair, scratching of faces, or singing love
songs, during working hours; and no lady
hand shall have free admission to, or orders
for the theatre, opera, or other places of
amusement, unless accompanied by a gen-
tleman.—N. O. Picayune.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

We commence this work with a general
view of the climate of the Atlantic states
of North America—A climate whose win-
ters are, often, severely cold, and whose
summers excessively warm—whose spring
commences late, and is almost immedi-
ately succeeded by summer—whose autumn,
long and delightful, terminates suddenly
before the approach of winter. The cli-
mate of the Atlantic States, is peculiar for
the severity of the westerly winds of win-
ter, which bring a degree of cold, unknown
in the same latitudes in any other part of
the Northern Hemisphere, either in the
old or new world.

We shall first take notice of the changes
of climate, since the first settlement of the
English Colonies, and the probable effect
of cutting down the forests—a circum-
stance, much relied on by some, who af-
firm, that the climate is undergoing a great
and progressive amelioration. We find, in
an address from the colony of Rhode Is-
land to Lord Clarendon in the year 1666,
it is stated that the harbor of Newport had
never been closed by ice; but that "ships
at all seasons arrived and sailed from this
port, while all the harbors east and west
were shut up by strong doors of ice."

The settlement had then existed 28 years,
the effect of which time, they had observed.
It is well known, that during the 18th cen-
tury, and within the recollection of some
old people now living, such has been the
severity of the cold, that this harbor has
been closed by ice: though not within fifty
or sixty years. Thus we see that a
milder period has been succeeded by a colder,
and a colder by a milder, since the settle-
ment of Rhode Island by the Europeans.

Such changes have hap-
pened, it is not in our power to ascertain
or conjecture. That the spring, as well
as the autumn commenced earlier hereto-
fore, we have no doubt, from unquestion-
able tradition, in support of which we add
the evidence of the Colony records, viz:
"The first of the year 1666, the harbor
of Rhode Island was open, and the ships
at all seasons arrived and sailed from this
port, while all the harbors east and west
were shut up by strong doors of ice."

The settlement had then existed 28 years,
the effect of which time, they had observed.
It is well known, that during the 18th cen-
tury, and within the recollection of some
old people now living, such has been the
severity of the cold, that this harbor has
been closed by ice: though not within fifty
or sixty years. Thus we see that a
milder period has been succeeded by a colder,
and a colder by a

